

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
By VINGIE E. ROE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Effects of Daily's lumber camp direct a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman of the Dillingworth Lumber Co. Sandry is a newcomer among the men with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to get a handful of the wealth in the uncut timber of the region. He gives Silets permission to ride Black Bull his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Silets tells him of the preacher. He discovers that Silets is the son of the Silets tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "The Night Wind in the Pines" and kisses her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Newcomer Among the Pines.

One day soon after the men returned with word of the raft's safe delivery into the hands of Captain Graftz, Sandry, working over his books in the little office, heard a strange voice with out.

"Oh, no," it was saying in fresh, sweet accents—and the very tone said East—"You need not worry. I'm going to stay. It is in the office, or head-quarters of this place. I'll find whoever is in charge. Just put my trunk on that pile of timber. Be careful! Oh, do be careful! That case contains my typewriter, and it's more precious than gold! There—that's right. Now, what do I owe you?"

There was an answer and the click of money, and Sandry rose just as the office door opened. It was the East that confronted him, Fifth avenue if self, the whole immitable metropolis refined into one woman.

"I must beg a thousand pardons," she said, her clear blue eyes raised to his face, "and a lot of indulgence. I want to be taken in. Do you think anyone in this delightful place will do it?"

"The whole camp will fight for the privilege," promised Sandry rashly, falling in instantly with her bantering tone and responding to the frankness of her smile. He watched her sit down gracefully in the chair that he hurriedly pulled forward. With the first glimpse of her the old nostalgia had returned upon him and his heart clamored for home.

"You are from New York," he said simply.

"Yes. And I suppose I must explain at once. You westerners are so insistent on reasons. My name is Poppy Ordway—and I am of that unfortunate and much-criticized species, the woman with a life worth."

The smile she turned upon him was electric, full of that heady quality which is distinctive of the vital woman, the woman of strong and excitable passions; it appealed to Sandry instantly, so that a thrill of gladness ran through him to his very finger tips.

"I have written a few short stories which have been well received in the eastern magazines, but they fail to satisfy me. I have my first novel drafted, and it is over there on your lumber pile along with my precious typewriter. It is a tale of the lumber region—and I've come out to work on the ground. Do you think I can find sanctuary?"

"Well, see that you do," said Sandry pleasantly, "and you couldn't have struck a better spot for local color anywhere in the Northwest. We are sentimental here, right down to the primitive, and we are swamped with atmosphere. You just come along to Ma Daily," he promised, already using the tone of half-fellow which their common nativity and her frank manner had established between them.

Hungry he watched her gather up her skirts and precede him up the little path to the cook-shack, where Ma Daily was already standing in the door to take inventory. Every little movement was so familiar, so potent in its suggestion of home.

Chatting lightly, the stranger stepped up on the porch and smiled at the white-haired old woman.

"Ma Daily," said Sandry—he had long since lost the sense of resentment at the family atmosphere of the camp—this is Miss Ordway of New York—a famous author—and she has come West to write a new book. Luckily she struck us in her search for local color. Can we take her in?"

Ma Daily looked at the visitor sharply and Sandry saw a scarce perceptible change pass over her cheery features.

The vital blue eyes of the younger woman gave back the scrutiny with perfect openness.

"Please do, Mrs. Daily," she said in her sweet voice. "Please, please do."

VISIONS SEEN BY SOLDIERS

Men at the Front Firmly Convinced They Have Been Witnesses of Supernatural Things.

In periods of great national stress, when the responsibilities facing a people call for an effort superhuman, the mind is more prone than in times less tense to place dependence upon divine aid and to believe that supernatural powers are exerting their might.

This tendency is embodied in a little volume entitled "The Women and Other Legends of the War," written by Arthur Machen.

The poetical character of these tales of latter-day miracles is well exemplified by the fact that the story of "The Women," with its allusion to the appearance of a supernatural host, has been accepted widely in England as fact.

Upon its publication in serial form, there came to the author scattered inquiries from editors of occult journals as to the foundation of the story. When the author denied that she could

"Don't know," said Ma slowly; "there ain't any room."

"I'll abdicate," put in Sandry quickly; "she may have my room and I'll put up a cot in the office."

Just at that moment Silets came in at the west door and, crossing the big room, stood looking out upon the group on the porch. Her dark eyes rested first with a feeling glance on Sandry and then she saw the other.

She did not speak but leaned against the door-jamb drinking in this apparition. In the little pause that fell presently she turned to the old lady.

"Yes, mother," she said softly, "please do."

The stranger flashed a brilliant glance at hers and with an immitably pretty gesture reached out a gloved hand and patted her arm, bare under the rolled-up sleeve.

"Mr. Sandry," called John Daily, standing on the foot-log, "will ye come down here a minnit?"

"Silets," said Ma, when the glittering guest had been shut away in Sandry's little south room, "what for do you want we should keep her?"

"Why—I don't know, mother," said the girl simply, "only she's too beautiful to let go. She looks like the sun on snow."

"Yes, yes, I think she does," returned Ma inscrutably, "and's about as cold and false."

As Sandry joined his foreman he saw that something had ruffled the usually placid temper of the slow giant.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Hampden of the Yella Pines is in the office," said Daily sharply, "and from his looks he's got something nasty up his sleeve."

"Oh, yes—Hampden—he's one of the owners, isn't he?"

The two men walked back to the office and found, seated in the swing chair, with his feet on Sandry's desk, a short, square man with a face and manner which set Sandry on edge at once.

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people had been on it obviously for years, according to John Daily.

"Just so, just so," said Hampden, "only I'm afraid well have to stop your operations, Mr. Sandry. The fact is, we've just bought this tract, an as it comprises two hundred and fifty acres, an' is in the form of a narrow strip running north an' south, it will effectually keep you out of the East Belt—unless, o' course, you should buy it of us."

For a moment Sandry regarded the speaker in mild astonishment.

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Hampden," he said; "all the stumpage for five miles north and east is our property, with options on every privately owned section for another seven miles in both directions. And this tract you speak of lies within a mile and a half of camp. You are suffering under a hallucination."

Sandry smiled coldly.

"If you will take the trouble to look up the records in the state land office at Salem," returned Hampden smoothly, "you'll find that I'm in my right mind, all right. This here tract has been laid off under the homestead law by one T. J. O'Connell, and sold by him last week to the Yella Pines Lumber company. Now, my young Easterner, you can't run your log trail across our land."

Hampden rose, his little eyes shining with savage triumph.

"I'll neither take the trouble to go to Salem nor pay the least attention to your threats," he said, and his manner was coolly unconcerned, "and I should advise that you get this company out of your head as quickly as possible. And now good day."

He turned, as if the interview were at an end, and seated himself at the desk from which Hampden had just risen.

"By gosh, you'd better!" said the other with a snap of his heavy jaws as he strode past Daily and out of the open door.

"An', by God, we will!"

This last came in the deep boom of the foreman, who was watching the departing lumberman with the bitter enmity of years of fighting.

"Now what do you think of that?" asked Sandry in profound disgust.

"Just what I've thought of him for years—damned spectacular bluff!"

CHAPTER IX.

Hampden and the East Belt.

In the press of business and the pleasant mulling over the whole old city of New York with Miss Ordway, Sandry forgot all about Hampden in the next few days. Ma Daily had nothing to say, keeping a grim silence, which Sandry noticed, as for Silets, she followed her with fascinated eyes whenever she appeared. Miss Ordway did not eat with the men. Her mornings were given up entirely to the incessant clicking of the typewriter in the seclusion of the little room, and she emerged after the noon hour, ate with Ma Daily and Silets, and invariably took a short walk in the afternoon.

In the evenings Sandry came in, and they sat in the empty dining room, discussing with a common knowledge that seemed to shut them apart to gether, the things of the great outside world. At such times Silets listened in quiet eagerness, her dark face aglow and her eyes like mysterious pools in the shadow of her heavy hair.

That week there were several arrivals at Daily's camp—well-dressed, responsible-looking business men from Portland; and before they left, Sandry had landed such an order for logs as plunged the camp into the hardest work, longest hours and highest over time it had ever known.

Also he sent out word to Toledo that he had use for all the men he could lay hands on.

An extra crew was put to building the log trail up through the slashed opening to the East Belt, and activity characterized the hills.

The incessant shrill toots of the donkey, the scream and cough of its fussy laborers, the rumble and clatter of the log train, began to be music in Sandry's ears, and the letters he wrote to his father became brighter, filled with the exhilaration of accomplishment.

For a day or two the work went forward finely and the new logs of the fresh-laid trail gleamed white against the green of the mountain. Then Collins, sent into the uncut timber ahead to blaze for further operations, returned to the works in double-quick time.

"John," he said to the foreman, for none of the men would award Sandry the right of consultation unless it was unavoidable, even yet, so distinct and deep-rooted was their aversion to the Easterner and his rawness; "John, they's a new homesteader's shack set 'er square across the trail."

"The hell you say! Hampden!"

The logger nodded. The purport of Hampden's visit had been freely spread in the camp.

Daily turned to Sandry.

"They's a new cabin settin' across our trail up in the track between here'n the East Belt, Mr. Sandry. Let's

go up an' take a look at it," he said.

"I guess Hampden's pushin' his bluff."

With a surge of anger Sandry turned abruptly, and the two men struck up the new trail.

"I'll have to settle that man, Daily," said the owner; "has he been doing such things ever since the two companies have been rivals?"

"Pretty much. Sometimes we've been doin' 'em," returned Daily grimly, Sandry laughed.

"Well, you Westerners believe in fixing things first hand, anyway, which helps some."

Far up in the heavy timber they came into a small natural clearing some 200 feet in extent, set like a hole amid the solid bulk of the close-crowding pines. In the center was a tiny log shack, shake-roofed, without doors or windows, the very least a man might do in grudging compliance

with the homestead law. They looked at it from all sides, noticed a few blazes on the nearest trees, read a clumsily executed trespass notice, and returned to camp.

"And us with our big contract with the Portland Lumber mill!" said Sandry. "I begin to see. Daily, you gather out ten men and go up and take that shack to pieces just as quick as you know how. Don't leave a trace. Bring the timbers away and start felling from that end to meet the trail."

As the foreman went among the men picking his crew, Sandry turned down across the slough toward the office. Once settled at his desk, he took out the records of the Dillingworth company and began a systematic search for word of the narrow tract of hill and timber between the camp and the fine East Belt.

When Daily returned at quitting time to report the demolition of the cabin and the start of the new cutting, he had found nothing.

"That's strange," he said uneasily. "Are these all the records, Daily? Has anything ever been destroyed? I can find nothing bearing on this piece of land, and yet the statement turned over to me by Frazer distinctly says that everything from the southwest section corner here at the camp within a radius of five miles north and east belongs to us, with numbers, and all data. What does this Hampden mean, and what sort of a tract is this strip? I see no mention made of it."

"No—that strip was part of the East Belt. The company bought it four years ago from a busted speculator, who sold 'em first the north stumpage an' then this at a sacrifice price. That's why Hampden's always ben so sore over it. He wanted it himself. Stafford, the speculator's name was. A smooth man from the East. There was some hitch about titles—specially about this here strip, an' the deal hung fire for some time an' Hampden danced a war dance, he was so blame anxious to knock it, but old Frazer bent him to it an' won out. Finally it was settled an' the strip come under the East Belt deed."

"Oh, I see," said Sandry, shifting a sheet of papers. "Here it is. Well, that's a relief. And now for this Mister Hampden."

But Hampden was for himself and with a vengeance.

That evening Sandry met Silets across the little meadow back of the camp, where he had gone for the mail sack, left swinging on the forked stick set up beside the country road.

"Been up on the ridge?" he asked, vexed that it should take a slight effort to keep his voice to the common place. This girl in her natural setting always took him out of the everyday, affected him like a play with lowered lights, soft music and alien scenes.

"Yes," she said dreamily, falling in to the whimsical speech that only escaped her when she stood apart on the hills, or listened to the pines, "it came

Sandry had gone a little way to meet her and the camp was shut from view by a clump of spruce, new growth and low-branched.

"So a Bolt Can't Slip. A method of locking a nut upon a bolt in such a way that it cannot work loose is the object of a patent granted to William Johnson of Pittsfield, Mass. The bolt is the ordinary screw bolt, but has a flat edge down one side. Upon this a washer, made of spring steel is placed. The straight edge of the hole in the washer fits that of the bolt, thus making it immovable.

The surface of the washer is punctured with round bosses. The outer surface of the nut is bored with the same number of holes as there are bosses and of equal size.

When the nut is screwed down the bosses yield under pressure until the nut is driven home, when they fit into the holes. The nut cannot work loose, but can be removed easily with a wrench.

More Trouble. Why do you never take your family out in your car? For seven in my family.

Well, you have a seven passenger car.

Yes, and when it's full people think I'm operating a trolley bus.

Where's He Got It? "Bet I know where you got that necktie."

"Five bucks says you don't."

"Around your neck, you boob."

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A WELL KNOWN WASHINGTON DRUGGIST. In reference to KIDNEY BACK HURT, read the following letter from a well known Washington druggist. "Within the last five months I have sold 300 bottles of KIDNEY BACK HURT, Pills for Backache, Headache, Stomach Trouble, etc. Our customers speak very well of it. Henry Evans, 925 1st St., N.W., Washington, D.C. KIDNEY BACK HURT 50 cents all druggists, or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Klotzweid & Co., Washington, D.C.

The Way It Goes. "A man lives three lives—youth, manhood and age," philosophically stated Professor Pate. "Youth is the rising sun of life, when he thinks of what a heck of a feller he is going to be; manhood is the sun at full meridian, when he is satisfied that he is indeed a heck of a feller; age is the setting sun, when he says around and brags about what a heck of a feller he used to be."—Judge.

Wireless Amateurs' Message. It was a very pretty thing that the amateur wireless operators of the country did on the night before Washington's birthday. At midnight the hundreds of boys who make up that army sat waiting for a message from Davenport, Ia. When it came, every one within hearing repeated it, and each boy who received it relayed it eastward in his turn, until it reached the operators of the Harvard Wireless club. They delivered it to a delegation of boy scouts, one of whom read it aloud from the platform of the town hall in Lexington. The message was this: "A democracy requires that a people who govern and educate themselves should be so armed and disciplined that they can protect themselves."—Youth's Companion.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT. Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

No Occasion to Worry. "My husband worries me ever the amount of gas he burps."

"Tell him that is a matter to make light of."

COOK NOT NEEDED. Under prohibition the jails in North Yakima have become so depopulated that the Salvation Army can no longer afford to pay a cook to provide three meals a day for the three inmates.

FACTORY REPLACES BREWERY. Tear down a brewery and upon its ruins will rise a factory.—John Mitchell, Labor Leader.

SAVES \$7,000 A YEAR. A press dispatch from Centralia, Ill., says that since prohibition went into effect under the local option law that town has saved an average of \$52,777 every month. This means a decrease of \$7,000 a year, directly due to the abolition of the saloon.

Why do you never take your family out in your car? For seven in my family.

Well, you have a seven passenger car.

Yes, and when it's full people think I'm operating a trolley bus.

Where's He Got It? "Bet I know where you got that necktie."

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With a Face and Manner Which Set Sandry on Edge.



Began a Systematic Search for Word of the Narrow Tract.

HE HAS HAD GRAND CROPS

And Likes the Laws in Western Canada.

"I lived near Lee, Illinois, for 44 years. I came to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1912 and bought land near Brereton. I have farmed this land, 1680 acres, ever since. I have had grand crops. In 1914 I had 100 acres of wheat that yielded 40 bushels to the acre. I sold this wheat at \$1.50 per bushel. I like the country and my neighbors. My taxes on each quarter section (160 acres) are about \$32 a year. This covers municipal tax, school tax, hall insurance tax—everything. There is no war tax so-called. I like the laws in force here. There is no compulsion to me in any way. I am just as independent here as I was in Illinois, and I feel that my family and I are just as well protected by the laws of the province as we were in our old home in Illinois. What I earn here is my own. I have seven children and they take their places at school, in sports and at all public gatherings the same as the Canadian born. (Sgd.) M. P. Tysdal. February 9th, 1916."

Former Iowa Farmers Are Doing Well in Canada. The attempt to check emigration from the United States to our prairie provinces by publishing alarming statements about the enormous war taxes that are being paid here—\$500 on a quarter section yearly—about forcing young men to enlist for the war; about the cold, no crops and any old story that its extravagant boldness might influence men and women from venturing north to Canada, is really in the list of curios to our people. Knowing the country, we can hardly take it seriously. Our governments, however, dominion and provincial, are taking steps to expose the false statements that are being made, and thereby keep the channel open for continuing the stream of settlers that has been flowing to us for the past decade.—Advertisement.

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